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MOVERS AND RESISTERS.

We lately endeavoured to trace the natural bases of political partizanship in certain characters of mind. We may now go on to remark that the same peculiarities of temper and thinking which determine for a man which colour he is to wear at elections, or on which side of the House of Commons he is to take his seat, rule his choice as well in scientific matters. Philosophy has its Whigs and Tories, its Radicals and its Nondescripts; and if doctrines of all kinds were as regularly subjected to votes as is the case with political questions, we should be not less able to foretel the places of our friends in the division list, than the best whipper-in ever was to vaticinate on the fate of any ministerial motion in parliament.

It is a curious circumstance that Resisters of all kinds always believe themselves to be the representatives of the Movers of a former age. The unfortunate Conservatives of the Reform-Bill era went to the martyrdom of their defeat under the conviction that they were the true Whigs of 1688. The modern possessors of that title they held to be a degenerate race, who were seeking to destroy the very fabric which their venerated predecessors had reared with so much trouble and so much wisdom. 'We,' said they, 'though you call us Tories, are in reality the protectors, and, alas! the only remaining protectors, of what the Whigs did in the days of William of Orange.' This was true in the letter; but at a cool moment we must own that it was not true in spirit. Whatever might be the merits of the question so keenly agitated in 1831-2, no reasonable person can doubt that if Somers, and Seymour, and Halifax, had been summoned from the grave to take a new lease of political existence, they would, with the dispositions we know they possessed, have ranked themselves, not beside Sir Robert Peel and Lord Lyndhurst, but Lord John Russell and Lord Durham. To think otherwise is to suppose men more true to a lifeless word or phrase than to their own inborn impulses, which all experience is opposed to. So also in some of the ecclesiastical questions of the last few years, we have occasionally heard the stand-still or defensive party, referring with pride to great reforming names of a former age as the glory of their cause, when it was more than doubtful whether those reformers, if recalled to life, would have taken their side. The fallacy consists in overlooking the change of ideas and of the relations of things which has taken place since the time of the persons referred to, and in failing to see that these persons, if now alive, would have something to judge of very different from what they had in their own day. If still actuated by the dispositions which they manifested in their former life, they would judge of the matters submitted to them

under the bias of those dispositions, and determine according as these were affected by the new circumstances. Thus we can imagine a great founder of some particular form of external religion, after three centuries, taking part against the very system he had founded, seeing that it did not, in its new relations, fulfil the end he had originally in view. Perhaps, indeed, there is scarcely any such system which would at the end of three centuries obtain the full sanction of the very persons who, at the beginning of the period, were its most zealous advocates and defenders. That duty would in general have to be left to a different class of minds.

One can easily see how precisely it is the same phenomenon, when a stand-still party of scientific men seek to shelter themselves under the prestige of some great man of former days, whose doctrines, originally themselves an innovation, are now predominant. The opponents of the natural classification of plants wielded against it the authority of Linnaeus, whose system was so very different. But Linnaeus was in his day exactly such an innovator as Jussieu was afterwards. The improvement which he effected was as great as could be expected of any one man in his day; but it was not all that was capable of being made. Much remained to be done, and no one knew this better than Linnaeus himself. When Jussieu, passing from the artificial arrangement of the Swedish naturalist, brought plants into the association of their natural affinities, he only took the next proper step in the process. The haters of improvement affected to rally round Linnaeus, whose name was a tower of strength. But would Linnaeus, if still alive, have stood up for his own system as against that of Jussieu? Very improbable, seeing that his mind was essentially active and progressive, and therefore apt to adopt exactly such novelties as this. We can scarcely, we think, be going far wrong when we affirm that many a man to this day patronises Linnaeus in a degree for which that great man would blush were he capable of appreciating the superior system of the French botanist.

Aristotle, as we all know, was at one time a kind of religion to the learned world. When a new system came into notice, it was held as a sort of heresy. Men professed to defend their ancient master, as they would have defended the temples or images of the gods against a barbarian enemy. But no one now-a-days can study the character of the Stagyrite philosopher, and doubt that, if he had lived in the sixteenth century of the Christian era, he would not have been an Aristotelian. Far more probably, he would have defended De la Ramée in the Sorbonne, when that extraordinary genius was seeking to undermine his own method of logic. So, also, when the Cambridge doctors held out for him against Bacon, we cannot doubt that he would have

himself been the leading Baconian. He would have astonished them by giving up his own books. Bacon, again, if now living, would probably be busy with some improvements upon the inductive method; some expansion of it, or some ascension above it, which, were it to be propounded by any nameless man of our day, would, beyond question, be denounced as a heterodoxy with respect to the actual ideas of Bacon.

The fact is, in such cases, minds of very different calibre are concerned. The original mover was a great man; the resisters are small men. The latter can take up an idea, and make food of it, when once it has received a stamp from authority or from age; but they cannot truly judge of it, or of the character of its originator. Had they been his contemporaries, they would have been his greatest opponents and vituperators—resisting the very doctrines which now they hold fast as they would their most valued possessions. It is the fate of the great man to be before his age, of the small men to be behind theirs. The ideas of a great man, at first difficult of acceptance, acquire in time a wide prevalence. They may then be regarded as in harmony with the general mind to which they are addressed. As the general mind advances, they fall behind, and then it is that they become suitable for the tribe of Resisters. Then is the time of the dotation of ideas, and it is of course as absurd to appeal from a new idea to one in this state, as it would be to endeavour to correct a man in the prime and vigour of his days by showing how his bedrid grandfather would have conducted himself in similar circumstances. The true and just appeal is not to what the great man of a former age has said on a particular subject, for everything he has said must bear a character from the circumstances and prevalent ideas of his own time; but to the spirit of the man. We must call into court the Aristotelian mind, or the Baconian mind, as a mere instrument, and endeavour to imagine what would be the tune which would flow from it under the existing circumstances, after it had been duly adjusted to the pitch of a new and advanced age. It is difficult to imagine this. Well, then, put it entirely out of court, and endeavour to decide the question otherwise. But if the great dead are to be brought forward at all, undoubtedly this is the only right way in which they can be brought forward.

Akin to the fallacy here described is that of the applauder of bygone times. When he praises some feature of a past age, as a thing whose extinction is to be regretted, because there is nothing now like it, he is usually under a complete mistake. It is only the narrowness of his own judgment which prevents him from seeing that, in as far as any such thing is now needed, its place is filled by something of an analogous or corresponding character, which perhaps serves the end even better. What is more, if this person had lived in the past age referred to, it is probable that the feature which he now deplores as extinct would have affected him disagreeably as an innovation. He only can love it because he cannot see it. On the regret sometimes expressed by romantically-inclined persons for the system of chivalry, we take leave to quote some remarks which appear to us strikingly just:—To lament its extinction, still more to affect the restoration of its outward semblance, is not only childishly to attempt a reversal of the march of wisely-ordered events, but to militate against the very spirit from which the system attempted to be recorded first arose, and to which, while prevalent, it owed its short-lived existence—the spirit of improvement upon worse manners, and yet

more imperfect institutions of an earlier date. As in every other system in which the better principles imparted to man have been more or less perverted by his weakness, his ignorance, his attempt to restrict that which was intended to be universal, and to individualise that which was destined for the common good of all—whatever was worth preserving in those days, to which some even in the present time are fond of reverting as the epochs of the truest glory of our race, still lives among us—lives a nobler and more vigorous life. It is but the false and the imperfect, the vain and the useless, the deceptive and the dangerous, which has been irrevocably swept away. In return, therefore, to the lament that the age of chivalry is gone, we may truly reply that we have a better and a nobler chivalry of our own—a chivalry which, if it watches no more in steel, and yields no weapons of mortal warfare within the field of actual contention, has its vigils and struggles yet more painful in their character, and undertaken for a far higher end—which, if it no longer traverses sea and land, the tempestuous ocean and the parching desert, to seek

“In Calvary Him dead who lives in Heaven.”

often goes forth into painful exile in lands yet more remote—or, nearer home, confronts the ghastliness of misery and the perilous atmosphere of contagion and death, to multiply living monuments to the common Lord of Christianity in the recovering from crime and ignorance, from anguish and disease, those over whom—as far as their improvement, whether mental or physical, is concerned—every revolution of society has hitherto passed almost in vain—which sees, moreover, in difference of faith or of nation, no longer, as formerly, fresh pretexts for warfare and extermination, but rather motives for closer intercourse, and a wider exercise of the common law of charity and love.*

The characters of men might be regarded as so many casts from a certain number of moulds. The individual men change in generations; but the moulds remain, and the characters accordingly are continually reproduced. Two similar events, or relations of circumstances, in two distant ages, are surrounded by perfectly similar characters, though by different flesh and blood. Let there be a persecution for opinion in our age, and men precisely corresponding to the distinguished inquisitors of old, and to all their subordinate instruments, would immediately appear. Let there be a new attack on France in circumstances precisely similar to those of 1792-3, and we should have a new Robespierre and Marat, a new set of Girondins, and finally, when the crisis was nigh past, a new Tallien and Barras. In the recent Revolution, the men whose character would have fitted them for a Committee of Public Safety have been, under the totally different direction which things have taken, remanded to the obscurity of the Parisian jails, instead of being drawn on to dictate who should live and who should die. In his play of the ‘Baptistes’ George Buchanan introduces two Pharisees, Malchus and Gamaliel, who do the hero to death on fallacious grounds which may be supposed. Without in the least violating the truth of the picture, the poet is understood to have described under these names two of the leading doctors of the ancient faith of his own day—the kind of men by whom Hamilton and Wishart in Scotland, and

* From a paper recently read before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Leicester, by J. F. Hollings, Esq.

Cranmer and Latimer in England, were adjudged to the flames. In our age, we have no such fierce controversies going on, and no such tremendous punishments for opinion inflicted; but amidst those which we have, it is not difficult to distinguish the Malchuses and Gamaliels, or the men at least who would fill those parts if the times were in a temper to call them into full development.

THE GOLD-SEEKER AND THE WATER-SEEKER.
A MEXICAN NARRATIVE.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

At no great distance from the city of Chihuahua, in a vast plain, is a small village in the centre of a deep wood, almost wholly unknown save to the wandering hunter, and the few inhabitants who dwell in its poor huts. It is called Torpedo. Twenty sheds, with roofs, it is true, but with scarcely any walls save on the northern side, composed, with one exception, the small hamlet. A neat wooden hut stood aloof from the rest, marking an advanced degree of civilisation which excited the wonder, but not the emulation, of the happy but idle and poverty-stricken Mexicans. This hut had been built by an American who, having taken to the woods after a quarrel in the capital, had selected this obscure retreat for himself and his two boys, now orphan youths of nineteen and twenty. The Mexicans did as their fathers did before them: they planted a little maize and a few vegetables; they caught wild horses, and hunted enough to procure what was strictly necessary; and after this meed of exertion, thought themselves justified in spending their leisure hours, at least nine months in the year, in smoking, drinking *pulque*, and gambling for the few rags which they managed to procure in exchange for a little surplus maize, some fowls, and other commodities which their wives and daughters took to the market of Chihuahua. Zealous and Patient Jones, the lads above-mentioned, were very far from being satisfied with this state of existence. They worked six days in the week, they went to market themselves, they took there six times as much produce as did any other two men in Torpedo; they bartered tobacco—the vaporous luxury of all idle nations and idle people—against maize and wild turkeys, and at the time we speak of, bade fair to make of the lethargic village a place of trade, and hence a place of prosperity. Though only just emerging from boyhood, they could have bought the whole village, inhabitants and all.

But Zealous and Patient Jones had no such vast desires; and of all the men, women, and children residing in the hamlet, they coveted only the possession of two. These were Zanetta and Julietta, the daughters of the alcalde or mayor of the small locality. Zealous loved Zanetta, and Patient loved Julietta. Their affection was warmly returned, and nothing was wanting to their felicity but the passage of a year, when it was agreed that all parties would have arrived at their years of discretion, which, however, are often supposed to be reached than really attained.

It was a warm autumn afternoon, and the brothers sat at their door enjoying the refreshing breeze wafted over the trembling tree-tops, and odorous with floral richness. They were talking of the future, and of the world of which they knew so little, when a horseman suddenly appeared before them. He wore a costume which was not of the country, and had features which reminded them in their character of their departed parent. They rose as the traveller halted before their hut, and asked, in very bad Mexican, the way to Chihuahua. Zealous hurriedly replied in English that it was eleven miles off.

'I expect you're countrymen,' said the horseman, much surprised.

'We are from New York State,' replied Zealous.

'Well, that's pleasant. I'm dead beat, so is my horse. Will you give a countryman a shake-down for a night?'

The young men eagerly proffered their hut; and while one held the horse's head, the other assisted the traveller to dismount. Mr. Bennett, a merchant who travelled

annually to Mexico, was the visitor the hospitable Americans had received; and it was difficult to say who derived most pleasure from the meeting. Mr. Bennett was delighted with the candour of the young men; they with his conversation and knowledge. He gave them glowing descriptions of the world; of the power and advantages of wealth; of the delights of an existence among one's fellows; and in fact so fired their imaginations, that when he sought his Mexican grass hammock, the brothers were wholly unable to sleep. They talked, they thought of nothing save the world; and when the traveller quitted them next day, they felt for the first time impatient and discontented.

'I have a great mind to turn *gambusino*, and go gold-hunting in the mountains,' said Zealous. 'I should like to become rich, and return to my native land.'

'For me,' cried Patient, less wild and fiery than his elder brother, 'I could wish to find some hidden spring in yonder forests, and there found a village.' The country was bare of water, and a spring in the wood was a treasure which enabled the fortunate finder to fertilise a vast property, if he had enterprise sufficient to carry out his plan.

'It would be scarcely worth abandoning our home for that,' said the ambitious Zealous, and the conversation dropped. But the thoughts remained, and at the end of a week Zealous had become so infatuated, and so restlessly eager to become rich, that taking a horse, a rifle, powder, shot, a mattock, and a few clothes, he started towards the far-distant mountains without even bidding adieu to his brother or Zanetta, so alarmed was he that his visionary enterprise should be prevented.

Though Zealous had quitted humble prosperity, gentle and real happiness, to go run the world for mere money, he was no common youth. He had genius, courage, and determination, and his whole conduct displayed these qualities. From time immemorial, it had been a tradition that the far-off mountains were full of gold, and regularly every year some ardent and young spirits started in search of the precious metal, to meet only with death or disappointment. Few returned, and of these few none ever brought any portion of gold worth the labour of their search. They hinted at vast treasures discovered in places so distant and difficult, as to preclude their being reached with mules or horses, and returned to the search with renewed zest, but always alone, each man expecting to be the fortunate one, and refusing to share his visioned wealth with a partner. Zealous Jones knew all this, and was determined to take warning by the fate of his fellows. He travelled slowly and steadily, used as little as possible of his powder and shot, and when he killed game, bore away the remains to be eaten with wild fruits, berries, and the esculent roots of the tropics. He was careful, too, of his horse, and reached the entrance of the hilly regions without having violently fatigued man or beast. He then rested two days in the mouth of a sublime gorge of the mountains, where cliff and rock, tree and water, height and vastness, all combined to give grandeur to the scene. But Zealous thought little of the magnificent landscape: his eye, wandering over the green plains behind, seemed to wish to pierce space, and discover, five hundred miles behind, the forms of his brother and his affianced wife. Once or twice his heart was touched; but a glance at the mighty ramparts of the gold region roused within him other thoughts, and he still advanced on his perilous journey.

Months passed, and Zealous was still wandering in the hills, now ascending steep gorges, now precipitous cliffs, that forced him to abandon his faithful horse to graze at their feet; now leaving him a whole day to feed the length of his tether while he explored the rugged hills, mattock in hand, in search of gold; now travelling over lofty table-plains; now resting in delicious valleys scarce if ever trod before by the foot of man; but never finding a trace of the treacherous metal that had lured him from home. Zealous was getting gaunt and thin, his clothes were in rags, his horse was lame, and his ammunition was nearly all spent, having only lasted until now because Zealous had starved himself to spare it.

Overcome by these considerations, he determined to

make a halt in a green valley watered by a stream that formed a pool in the centre. He bathed his hardy steed, examined his feet, and left him to graze unbound, quite certain of his not leaving the valley, and took himself to the water. He floated an hour in the warm sun on the surface of the water, and then struck for the shore, on the banks of which something sparkling made his heart leap. He tore up a handful, and the glittering globules of pure gold revealed the riches of the valley. To dress, to seize his mattock, to tear up the ground, was the work of an instant. The whole mass was full of the precious metal; and forgetting all cares, Zealous began his work of gold-washing and digging. A mattock, a basket of green-willow boughs—such were all his tools; but a month's arduous labour put him in possession of a heap of treasure perfectly marvellous. He now thought of returning, when the fatal idea entered his head—how was his treasure to be removed? Zealous stood speechless with astonishment and despair. His horse, though fattened by a month's rest, was unable to bear much more than himself and his heavy rifle. He accordingly resolved to take a little, bury the rest, and return to the settlements in search of assistance. He accordingly restored the precious heap to its former position, mounted his steed with a small parcel of gold, and began his journey back. It was difficult and painful. Hunger came upon him, his ammunition was all spent, and a few days made him despair of reaching home. A fever and ague, contracted in the mountains, came strong upon him, and his mind began to wander. He gained at length the vast forest that bordered his home, but at nightfall was exhausted with sickness and fatigue. He alighted, lit a fire with difficulty, and lay down beside it to die. The fever was raging, and he lost consciousness.

When he recovered, he was in a comfortable bed in a large farmhouse, with every sign of opulence and wealth. Patient and his wife were beside him. His brother had sought his fire from curiosity in time to save him. The greeting was warm on both sides, and Zealous found to his surprise that he had been more than a year absent. The young man looked wistfully at his brother and at Julietta, who pressed to her bosom an infant a month old. 'Zanetta is married too,' he said with a deep sigh. A sob behind the curtains was his answer, and the faithful girl was kneeling next minute by his couch. The gold-seeker, when an hour had been given to unconnected greetings, asked his brother's history. Patient replied that his grief on the departure of his brother had almost deprived him of reason, but that Julietta had made him cling to life. He resolved, however, to go a journey; and burying himself in the forest, sought as diligently for water as his brother did for gold. A month's search rewarded him. A spring, bubbling at a tree foot, was found, and here he took up his dwelling, married Julietta, hired all the youths of the old village, and was now master of the richest *hacienda* or farm in all the country. Zanetta, true to her first affection, had come to live with them.

'And so will I,' cried the gold-seeker. 'I have gold enough to buy a vast herd of cattle; that is my share. We will be partners once more, brother; and if Zanetta will forgive!—'

A smile was his answer. The water-seeker now asked his narrative, which he frankly told. Zanetta shuddered at the dangers he had incurred. Prudent wondered at the gold; but all joined to dissuade Zealous from again risking his life in the dangerous occupation of a gambusino. He cordially agreed; and a month after, the tie of husband came to bind him more strongly to home. The gold he had brought made them amply wealthy; every happiness was around them; love, duty, prosperity, a life without a care, made the hacienda in the woods a little paradise. But the very calmness of this existence acted unfavourably on the ambitious Zealous, who could not feel the reasoning and solid enjoyment of his brother the water-seeker. He thought of his vast treasure in the hills, grew silent and moody, spoke little to his wife, and one day disappeared with five horses and as many sacks, taking this time ample ammunition and some food.

Leaving the inhabitants of the hacienda to their grief, we follow the wild gambusino, who travelled for some days with intense rapidity, for fear of being pursued. It was only at the foot of the mountains that he halted. As before, he stayed two days; but this repose over, he no longer went searching through the mountains, but led his five horses straight towards the unknown valley. After many days of arduous and painful travelling, it was found, and Zealous had the delight of finding also his treasure untouched. Two days were devoted to rest and to packing his gold in the sacks provided, one of which he placed on each horse, that he himself mounted bearing the lightest.

When the gold-seeker started on his return, the arid season of the hot days had commenced; the grass was scorched up, and scarce a drop of water could be found. Zealous travelled rapidly, but this acted fatally, for on the fifth day one horse dropped with heat, fatigue, hunger, and thirst, and more than a fifth part of his treasure was lost. To load the other horses with it was vain; the poor animals, parched with thirst, staggered under their present load. Zealous, with a deep sigh, abandoned his gold, and struck across the desert towards the distant forest. No water was found that day, and at night both man and beast were raging with thirst. They halted in a sycamore grove, the dewy leaves of which at nightfall slightly restored Zealous, who, however, found another horse unable to move. Rage, despair in his heart, the young miser pursued his journey; but on arriving a whole day's journey distant from the forest, his whole caravan had broken down. The gold-seeker, mad, his brain fevered by the heat and by disappointment, turned back on foot. His senses seemed gone; and when he reached the first stage where he found a carcase, his mind was really affected, for he wildly strove to drag the gold towards home. From this moment his senses were utterly lost. He flew back on the trace of his fatal treasure; he ate roots, horse-flesh, and berries, and at last reached the spot where lay the last horse. His day was spent in frenzied efforts to drag the sack of gold onwards, his night in sleeping with it for a pillow; and in this state he was found by his brother and a mounted party, who found him after a long and weary search.

It was many months ere the gold-seeker was restored to health and consciousness, and then sad was the result. He seemed a premature old man; his wife vainly strove to charm him; and but for the constant watch set upon him, he would again have started on his perilous and mad enterprise. The water-seeker clearly saw the cause of his brother's grief; but he said nothing, continuing calmly his course, and reaping every day the reward of his solid industry. When, however, a certain time had elapsed, and the body of the gold-seeker was sufficiently restored, Patient determined to try an experiment on his mind. He shut himself in a room with him, and spoke thus: 'My dear brother, you are unhappy, and your misery causes ours. My wife and yours equally suffer from your sorrow: we can do nothing to remove it, because we know not the cause.' The gold-seeker sighed deeply, and shook his head. 'Speak, Zealous,' cried his brother, 'and there is nothing you can wish but that we will all gladly do.'

'It is in vain to struggle against my destiny,' said Zealous. 'Did you find any sacks of gold near me?'

'They are all five in yon cupboard,' said Patient. 'They are untouched: they are yours. They contain vast wealth, but was wealth like that necessary to us? See how happy I am. Why? Because all around is the fruit of my labour and my industry. You are unhappy, your wife is wretched, and all because you have an inordinate thirst for mere gold. With millions of dollars in yon cupboard, you long again to tempt fortune.'

'Never!' replied Zealous firmly. 'Take the gold: it is not mine, but yours. Use it for our mutual advantage. Give me my task to perform, and from this day you shall have no reason to complain.' And the gold-seeker went out in search of his wife, with whom he conversed for an hour; and that day at dinner all were

happy. But Patient determined to spare no sacrifice to insure his brother's happiness. A month after that, he left his hacienda, sold it to a rich convent, and retired to the United States, where the brothers entered into a partnership as merchants. But Zealous was wholly cured. He felt deeply the noble conduct of his brother and his wife, and sought in every way to repay them. They are now all contented. Patient has three children, Zealous as many; and their commerce succeeding, they have few cares for the future. They are looked up to in the great city they inhabit; and when the Californian gold fever burst out, the most sensible advice came from the lips of Zealous. 'Do not quit the certain for the uncertain,' said he to young men ready to abandon lucrative posts to go gold-digging; 'honest industry gives you an existence, success can do no more, while the chances of failure are so great. I was one of the fortunate. But then if the gold-seeker did not perish, it was because the devoted water-seeker was at hand.' And he would hurry home to press the hand of his brother, and thank him once more for all he owed to him. The advice of Zealous is little followed, because youth and ardent imaginations are little influenced by reason; but it is probable that, in after-days, the few who stick to their counters and their situations will never regret having taken the counsel of the now cautious gold-seeker. There are always bold and enterprising characters enough to risk such perils, there are always sufficient men of desperate fortunes who cannot lose, without fathers of families and comfortable citizens leaving their home and household gods to tempt Dame Fortune. So always thought Patient, and so now thinks Zealous Jones.

M A R I N E P H E N O M E N A.

THE ocean, beautifully rounded in as it is, agitated by storms, and holding in solution the saline particles which elsewhere are distributed so differently, includes a congeries of grand movements, by whose means the waters of the Pacific, Atlantic, and Polar Seas are continually being interchanged. Its apparently capricious magnificence becomes still more sublime when thus beheld subjected to rigid law; as when we connect the pulses of the tide upon the beach with the distant moon emerging from the horizon, or see the tempest-clouds out at sea drawn gradually into the suction of the trade-wind. More interesting yet is it to the voyager to fall in, ever and anon, with tokens of that great motion from the East which turns the Cape, runs up towards the line again, crosses the Atlantic, issues from the Mexican Gulf, and flowing upward like a river till it meets the ice-streams of the north, sweeps round upon itself again, or diverges, like a fan, towards the Mediterranean Strait and the coast of the Great Desert. Hence probably the number of dangerous minor currents that bear in landward along the south-western shores of Africa; and some of which none but the eye of a practised old sea-dog accustomed to those parts can detect. A sailor who was one of my shipmates told me he was once homeward-bound in the same latitude we were in at the time, in a Hull barque, commanded by a hard-a-weather captain, who depended, however, on his mate for the navigation, when they fell into a mess, as he said, all owing to a 'double current.' They were driven to eastward a good deal by a strong south-wester, after which they had just begun to lie their course again, with a very light breeze from south-east, when, according to the mate's reckoning, they were but a few degrees from land. The captain got rather uneasy, knowing the nature of the coast and the badness of the chronometer; but the barque kept slipping all day through smooth water with every stitch of canvas set, and the mate considered it was all right, and plenty of sea-room, even though she had been a Dutch tea-ship instead of the sharpest barque out of Hull. There was an old fellow of a sailmaker on board that had been once in a slaver, and the mate saw him spitting over the side, and watching it go past.

'Well, my man,' said the mate, 'what does she make?'

'Barely a knot and a-half, sir,' said the sailmaker; 'though, to my thinking, there's a current with us by all appearance.'

'So much the better, my man,' said the mate, rubbing his hands.

'I don't like the look of it though, sir,' said the sailmaker. 'That same haze yonder to nor'-eastward, you see, sir, 'tis a good sight nearer on our weather-bow, to my thinking, since the morning. There's a bluer colour in the sky therewaay too; in short, sir, it's dreadful like the loom of the slave-coast. I shouldn't wonder,' said he, 'if there was an under-current sliding her in, starn foremost, all the time she looks to be forging ahead!'

The mate only laughed at this idea; but the old sailmaker having kept hard at work for some time sounding alongside with a line and a half-sunk float, found reason, as he thought, to confirm his notion; and by next morning they were actually in sight of the African land, almost embayed, and setting in towards it. Upon this the captain had recourse to the old seaman's advice, and altered the course, so as to steer across the drift of the current until they had got free of it, and gradually edged off with the sea-breeze; probably just in time to escape being grounded upon a bank.

We were once in a calm on the Atlantic, a little to the southward of the line, and in longitude somewhere between 20 degrees and 30 degrees west; the ocean, having subsided from a swell on the previous evening, appeared so perfectly at rest, and so did the vessel also, as to recall the poet's image of

'A painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.'

There was not even that low tremulous heave, or those long serpentine undulations, resembling the faint breaths of a sleeping or shackled monster, which generally seem to pervade the most entire repose of the great deep; the round expanse lay intensely blue in the paler embrace of the sky, that poured upon it, as from a mighty cup of light whose inverted bottom glowed like a single diamond, the equatorial cornucopia of light and heat. Which of the two was the more impressive it were hard to say—a 'sleeping calm' or a 'dead' one, as they are emphatically designated by sailors; but the latter, as is obvious, indicates in itself the far longer continuance of its reign, since it shows how distant is even the impulse of any breeze; and perhaps because, although 'every calm breeds its own squall,' yet for a time the very smoothness of the water tends, within so wide an extent, to spend, diffuse, and prevent the acceleration of those that may arise. What gave one the most striking sense, however, of helplessness and awe, was the manner in which our Indiaman, so long true to her compass and her sails, not only lay like a log upon the sea, but by degrees revolved as upon a pivot, until at length she boldly faced the way she had come, then the pole, north-west, and west, while the motionless and unbroken horizon round her betrayed no sign of the change. It was difficult to conceive what cause this freak could be attributed to without a breath of air or a pulse of ocean; but the more complete the calm became, the more apparent on the surface grew the long-drawn wrinkles and winding lines that testified to some sub-superficial agency. Rising, as it were, with the cessation of all upper influences, from the blue depths of ocean into light, or possibly elicited by the inert mass of the ship, the undulation of their movement seemed traceable towards one direction—that of north-west. With next morning's dawn, indeed, when the sun's presence below its rim gave a leaden tinge to the water, and a long thin cloud lay along it, these faint traces looked still more obvious in the shadow, wearing the aspect of a path to the horizon, or of a gigantic web-work intermingled with slow, oily eddies, while the ultra-marine tint of the sea was variegated with wind-

ing patches of pale, of emerald, and of dark; the horizon itself glowed purple, and was edged with a keen semicircle of light, as the morning radiance spread from beneath it. Here was probably displayed some palpable development of the westward equatorial current, or some modification of it, from the South American continent and the estuary of the river Amazon. But in the evening again the surface appeared to have become perfectly smooth; the fragments thrown overboard by our cook seemed to float away ahead inch by inch, though in reality it must have been the ship that, from her deeper hold of the water, drifted almost broadside on in the course of this secret draught. From chronometrical and quadrant observation, we had by next midday actually crossed the line again, and increased our west longitude by some perceptible proportion of a degree. This sudden smoothing of the water to a glassy uniformity too was to all appearance premonitory of wind, which that evening came on from north-westward; gently at first, then almost failing, then with increased force, and which might at a considerable distance have exercised such an influence upon the surface as to depress the motion of the current. In the twilight, while we stood away with all sail set upon our former course, the ship was surrounded by little floating lights, crossing her track astern and ahead, as if produced by columns of meduse, that rose on the tops of the small surges or sunk in the hollows. As the shock of the waves became more violent, they absolutely blazed up into flame under her bows, seething in liquid fire over the chains, the whole ocean apparently rising into vivid life after the long calm, and communicating with every wash of its waters the sense of joy partaken by a thousand unknown creatures.

While upon this head, I cannot forget the emotions produced by my first conscious view of the celebrated Gulf-Stream. From about 30 degrees north latitude, and 30 degrees west longitude, nearly opposite to the Canary Islands, the continuation of a violent south-easterly gale had driven us for no less than eight or ten days so far to the north-westward, and in such a wild state of atmosphere and sea, that by the dead reckoning alone we had but a poor idea of where we were. Our ship was strong and new, and buffeted gallantly against it; the increasing cold, the pale savage look of the billows, with the showers of hail and sleet, made us think we were fated to drift over the Newfoundland banks, and some fine morning or other might have to hail an iceberg from the fore-topsail yard. At length, however, the storm seemed to have blown itself out, our usual canvas was again gradually substituted for the stiff, dingy-looking staysails, and we began to beat up for the north-east, though still close-hauled, and occupied in furbishing up our weather-marks. Before a distinct observation could be taken, the atmosphere being pervaded by a moist blue haze, there was suddenly a perceptible change of temperature from the sharpest cold to mild and balmy; the wind, shifting to south, became warm, and all at once we were surrounded by floating pieces of light-coloured weed, which thickened as we proceeded, appearing to keep down and encumber the rise of the waves, till at length we felt as if they impeded the ship's course. The huge dark surges were now long low swells; the interesting variety of marine productions, vegetable or animal—of tropical waifs, even of nautical odds and ends, which turned up from the furrow we ploughed, or were seen floating astern—kept those who had leisure perpetually on the look-out. Bunches of beautifully-delicate sea-weed, trailing patches of green *fucus*, fragments of reed and cane, a cask-head covered with barnacles, and numbers of mollusca, meduse, and star-fish—all intimated our being on the outskirts at least of the 'weedy' or 'grass sea': those oceanic meadows which, towards the south-eastern bend of the great current, become at times so dense as to convey the notion of a vast swamp or rice-field.

Next morning watch at daybreak, with a light breeze

from the south, the sea scarcely ruffled, but heaving, and sunrise crimsoning the long line of haze upon our larboard-bow, the edge of the Gulf-Stream could be seen from the bowsprit and decks, marking the north-eastern and eastern horizon. It was distinctly contrasted with the colour of the sea around us, as a dark indigo blue from a more azure one, having somewhat the appearance of the broken water at a distance which betokens a squall; although the level beams of the sun gave it a pure opal tinge, which was deepened by the horizontal focus; while the mild clearness of the sky beyond sufficiently precluded any notion of danger from wind. However, on ascending to the fore-topsail yard, where it seemed like a broad band of intense colour fading into a sapphire rim, one could easily perceive the waves of which it was composed to be toppling and dancing up at a brisker rate than those near us, as well as to be running in a different direction—namely, to the east or south-east. At particular junctures of wind and sea, the Gulf-Stream is understood by sailors to enlarge or contract its volume, and to increase or diminish its rate of motion, which latter is here generally about a mile and a-half per hour: at present, the eddy along its limit, with the counter-impulse of the two sets of surges, formed a short cross-sea, yeasty, broken, and passing farther on into larger foam-topped waves. The nearer to a calm over the sea in general, the more striking must be the phenomenon displayed by the sight of this bluer and warmer expanse of water, in an atmosphere of its own, moving along to the south-east like the current of a huge river. Our entrance upon it an hour and a-half after was sensible even below by the pitching, jerking, disagreeable heave of the ship; she went dancing and tossing her martingale over it, the wind almost instantaneously having shifted to a strong breeze from north-west, that brought in our topgallant sails; while another vessel was perceived hull-down to westward of us, apparently heading across our course under single-reefed topsails, as if she had met with a gale.

From the Gulf-Stream, one branch of its fanlike termination sets in towards the Mediterranean, blending probably with the strong suction through the Gut of Gibraltar, where the encounter of these with the frequent *greggales*, or north-easterly gales from the Levant, makes that strait rather a ticklish situation for the most skilful and hardiest of mariners. The whole of the Mediterranean, by the way, from the variety and fickleness of its moods and peculiarities, is calculated for a useful school to the seamen bred in it; yet it may be remarked that even in their own sphere these inland sailors show nothing equal to the experience, ingenuity, and practical readiness of the regular northern tar accustomed to blue water. They are too much addicted to coasting, and dodging about from point to point; and in a Levantine their plan is to haul down or cut away everything: while they do not appear to be better prophets of a 'white squall' than those whom long use of an open horizon has taught to be always looking to windward. Speaking of the Mediterranean, which is well known to have no tides perceptible on land, it is the opinion of old sailors that there are, however, many strong currents throughout its expanse, on which the moon, both at full and change, has a very powerful effect. A similar remark is made in the journal of Mr Williams, the nautical friend of the poet Shelley, who was with him up to the point of his melancholy fate off the coast of Italy. He mentions a heavy swell having got up along shore, evidently caused by lunar influence, and which made a noise on the beach like the discharge of artillery, the moon shining brightly; while out at sea it was quite calm, and without a breath of wind for days together, although succeeded by violent gales.

The phosphorescence, or luminous property of the ocean, in various circumstances, and with different modifications, is another phenomenon generally known. This, although observed more or less not only in the extra-tropical, but in the polar seas, becomes still more

distinct between the limits of the torrid zones—perhaps most of all remarkable in the Indian Ocean. By Humboldt, Scoresby, Darwin, and others, the appearance in question has been unmistakeably assigned as the result of no quality in the water itself, or simple phosphorescence of animal or vegetable matter, but as proceeding from the innumerable animalcula, medusæ, and mollusca which people the upper regions of ocean, as glow-worms do a green bank in Kent, or fire-flies an Indian grove. Of these minute creatures there are evidently many species, some of which not merely produce light in the dark, but in the daytime give a peculiar tinge to the sea. In size they no doubt vary from imperceptible points up to several inches in diameter; the presence of electric forces in the star-fish, torpedo, and other marine animals, might seem to point towards some special economy in the ocean with respect to the distribution of this vital fluid. Humboldt found that if a very irritable *Medusa noctiluca* were placed on a pewter plate, and the plate were struck with any metal, the small vibrations were enough to make the animal emit light. The fingers which had rubbed it also remained luminous for two or three minutes. Either a change of temperature, or the shock of the waves, would in various ways act upon all these curious species in the production of light. The phenomena discoverable in a drop of water are, as it were, shown on a scale of corresponding magnitude in the depths of the sea, which sometimes appears about to display at large the common experiment of the chemical lecturer—turning water into fire, or vice versa; so linked together are nature's apparent extremes.

To the voyager towards tropical regions this wonder of the solitary ocean furnishes one of those beautifully-varied spectacles which, growing familiar, become almost a compensation for many lost home-comforts. Like the outspread, starry heaven, too, of the sea vigil, the ship's track glows winding astern in the dusk, where the gulls and petrels hang aslant, or run along like the crows after the plough in the field, to pick up the food turned out by her mighty keel; it grows brighter as the darkness increases, the wave crests glimmer, the water splashes on the bulwarks in fiery spray, keen sparks rise in constellations under the eyes of the passenger as he gazes overboard. The phenomenon exhibits sometimes, nevertheless, a solemn and almost awful aspect even to one accustomed to it. I remember this one dark night at sea, in the equinoctial latitudes, with a light breeze after a swell, when the slow, sullen, long wash of the waves rising and falling round us had in itself something impressive, heard in the boundless obscurity of the first watch on deck. Here and there detached floating lights were faintly distinguishable to a distance on either hand, dipping in a hollow, rising on the top of a wave, or suddenly brought near by a wider swell, so that one could scarcely get rid of the notion of being surrounded by mystical elfin things, or in the vicinity of some strange foreign shore. Now and then, too, looking into the water alongside, with the slow motion of the vessel, you could perceive coming up towards the surface, or gradually sinking down from it into the liquid dark, some luminous point, or a larger form dimly visible by its own trailing glimmer, like a star-fish or sea-jelly. Gradually the breeze had freshened a little, while out of the gloom of the northern horizon burst now and then a silent flare of 'summer lightning' or 'wild-fire,' that showed the outline of the dark surges heaving multitudinously for miles around. Almost all at once the water, as it washed up about us, and the tops of the waves next to the wind, began to sparkle and blaze; the dark hull of the ship, as she leant over with her upper canvas rising into the obscurity, was brought out in vivid contrast to the face of the rolling element seen by its own light. Every time she plunged into it you expected the whole abyss would kindle next moment in actual flame; and although, with the help of custom and experience, a thrilling interest was soon felt in hanging over it, till the crest of a sea burst, warm and seething, above the fore-chains, yet one was

relieved, after all, when he went below, or the dawn gradually restored the original ocean colour.

The natural colour of the ocean, as essentially composed, and when unmodified by extrinsic circumstances, is a property which, most obvious as it is of all others at first sight, furnishes in itself no small source of pleasurable sensation to the voyager. By landsmen, green is considered the tint most calculated to refresh the eye, or least apt to weary; but the sailor is still more strongly convinced in favour of deep blue, which perhaps, indeed, from its transmitting no direct rays of red or yellow, may have the advantage in this respect. The colour of the sea, unlike that of rivers and lakes superficially depending on the sky, is the result, not of simple reflection, but of refraction in the dense medium constituted by its diffused salts, where all but the blue rays are absorbed in the absence of any bottom to intercept those of greater subtlety. The sky over the ocean is, it has been observed, comparatively less blue than that towards land, and of a paler azure; since the watery vapours collected near the coast transmit the blue rays to us more freely. The deep fixed indigo of the main surface continues almost irrespectively of the floating clouds above it; deepening, however, with the compression or the wrinkles of a breeze, and softened at the distant line of horizon into that exquisitely-delicate tint hence called *ultra-marine*, which varies, according to the light, from the hue of the 'forget-me-not' up to that of transparent opal. The true tinge of the sea is best noticed by looking through a tube or orifice, such as the ship's rudder-trunk; while that of the sky is naturally intenser in degree when seen between the openings or past the white edges of the sails. Objects floating within sight below the surface, the blade of an oar or the body of a fish, reflect back the absorbed rays of yellow or red, and appear visibly green; so that, even from the highest mastheads, a shark or smaller fish can be discovered as it swims past the vessel.

The various accidental tints of portions of it, however, both in and out of soundings, bring into stronger contrast that of the great main ocean, and might, on a large and well-figured terrestrial globe, be represented with interesting effect. The brown or green sea along a coast—the Red Sea, coloured by its bottom or by animal matter—the Yellow Sea, by clay in solution, are familiar to most. The blue of the Mediterranean, embraced by its pure, violet-tinted atmosphere, is of a lighter and more shifting character, more in harmony with the sky and air, than that of the solemn tropical waters, over which the heavenly vault looks more pale and unearthly, while the distances seem smaller to the horizon. Within soundings, where the depth is not great, the colour is affected by the quality of the bottom. 'Fine white sand, in shallow water, yields a greenish-gray or apple-green, deepening with the depth of water or decrease of light: yellow sand, in soundings, gives a dark-green; dark sand, blackish green; rocks, a brownish or blackish; and loose sand or mud, in a tideway, a grayish colour.' Not only from these causes, probably, but from foreign admixture, as well as weaker refractive power, does the well-known sombre green prevail, even in the deepest parts of the 'narrow seas.' The local varieties, however, which here and there occur with apparent caprice, and irrespective of such influences as those already mentioned, are still more illustrative of the boundless fertility of nature, when, as it were, required to relieve the otherwise monotony of her effects. In the western Atlantic, in the parallel of the island of Dominica, or about 15 degrees north, is a large space, where the water, although of course very deep, is constantly milky. Another remarkable anomaly is found in the abrupt transitions of the Greenland sea from blue to green, the former of which tints was supposed by the earlier discoverers to denote the vicinity of ice, the other an open passage. These alternations were seen by later voyagers, especially in high latitudes, about the meridian of London, to lie near each other in long bands or stripes upon the open surface of the ocean, chiefly

towards north and south, varying with greater or less sadness, and from a few miles to leagues in breadth. Lines of pale-green, olive-green, and clear blue were fallen in with during a quarter of an hour's sailing; at other times the shade was nearly grass-green, with a shade of black; and the separation of the two colours was frequently as definite as the rippling of a current. In this green water the whale was known to prefer seeking for food; while, on account of the greater obscurity, it was there more easily caught, so that the fishers generally resorted to these localities. Captain Scoresby's observations proved that some yellow substance was held in suspension to give this peculiarity of hue; and on microscopic analysis of dissolved snow, which had been stained orange by such a substance, he ascertained the cause to be analogous with that which in other latitudes occasions the phosphorescence of the waves. The melted water was found full of semitransparent globules and fine hair-like substances; different species of small meduse, possessing the property of decomposing light, and in some cases showing distinctly the colours of the spectrum. Whether these were luminous or not, it was impossible to say, from the absence of darkness during the long polar day; but in no case do we remember having heard of this latter phenomenon to any extent in the Arctic seas; nor do the meduse of the tropical waters, on the other hand, seem to communicate any foreign tint to the ocean, except in one case, to be mentioned immediately.

In about the year 1796 or 1797, the Dutch captain Stavorinus, when commanding an East-Indiaman, steering for the Channel of Mamala, between the Laccadive and Maldivian islands, on the south-western coast of India, met with a very singular appearance in the colour of the sea. During the day they had observed the water to be darker and browner than usual, without that azure clearness it always has in the open sea. With the approach of evening it gradually assumed such a degree of whiteness as, when the short twilight was fading, to have become perfectly like milk—increasing in paleness till nine o'clock, when it looked as if covered by a white sheet, or like a flat country at night overspread with snow. The horizon was not distinguishable, except to north-west, where the line of separation between sea and sky was only discernible from the latter being somewhat dark and gloomy. No bottom was found with a line of 150 fathoms. The water was transparent in a vessel, but tasted less briny and bituminous than ordinary. The same appearance was observed by the English captain Newland in the same part of the ocean, with this difference, that he saw it intermixed with black stripes, running in a serpentine direction through the whiteness. He also distinguished animalcula in it, by putting a glass with some of the water in a dark place, and holding his hand close over it. From the 30th of January till the 3d of February, the thermometer standing generally about 72 degrees, Captain Stavorinus and his ship's company continued to see this phenomenon every evening and night; each time, however, decreasing in vividness, till it was no longer perceptible. He, too, succeeded in tracing the cause in what he calls 'very minute mussels, of the same shape and appearance as those we vulgarly call long-necks, which adhere to timber that has been long in the water, and to the curiously-beautiful shells floating on the surface of the water from the Red Sea with currents (*nautilus*). The rapidly-varying and shooting motion of these animals occasioned, in my opinion, this circumstance.'

The same phenomenon has been remarked in the seas between Amboyna and Banda (Philippine Islands). It is called by the Dutch the white water, and occurs twice a year in the seas around Banda; the first time, at the new moon in June; the second, at new moon in August, not having altogether subsided during the interval. Very few fish are caught while it lasts, but afterwards so much the more: the fish do not like the water, and from its clearness, they more easily see the boats and

tackle. It has also been observed to rot the bottoms of vessels allowed to lie much in it; while it throws up ashore great quantities of slime, filth, and different species of mollusca. It is dangerous for small craft to be at sea in the night where it comes; since, though the air may be calm, the sea always rolls with heavy surges, enough to overset them. This 'milk-sea' has generally been supposed to originate from the Gulf of Carpentaria: it has been by some attributed to sulphureous marine exhalation, condensed at the surface; by others to the myriads of animalcula. To the southward of Amboyna it appears in the form of stripes; and westward, more in heavy rollings of the sea. The more tempestuous the weather proves, the more it rains; and the harder the south-east tradewind blows, the more thin white water is seen. Probably a similar provision is thus furnished for those larger mollusca on which the sperm-whale of the Pacific feeds, to that made in the north for the whale of Greenland.

A phenomenon resembling the last in some particulars has been met with in a different part of the Indian Ocean—that vast repository and arena for the more singular marine wonders, whether aqueous or meteoric. It is known by English seamen under the name of 'the ripples,' and an account of it will be found in the 'Edinburgh Philosophical Journal' some time back. It generally takes place with a sudden calm and oppressive atmosphere at night or evening. Electric tokens of disturbance are discernible in the distance, and the horizon glimmers with sudden coruscations, followed by a hollow murmuring sound, which increases gradually till the crews of ships thus overtaken have supposed themselves in the vicinity of breakers. The light in the distance seems to approach, brought vividly out by the darkness of the sea, which becomes agitated, and appears to indicate the furious burst of a hurricane, in spite of the stillness overhead. All at once, with a tremulous motion of the smooth water alongside, the tumultuous line of fire, foam, and noise reaches the vessel, which reels to the shock; the spray rises over her bulwarks, and the whole rushes past like a torrent toward the opposite horizon. This strange disturbance is repeated again and again, as soon as the first has died away; and the roar and hiss each time generally diminishing; and the luminous appearance less intense; the air all the while still, but suffocating, the sails not even flapping to the masts. Its effect is appreciated in the greater freshness and coolness of the morning, and the breeze which succeeds; but hence some of those groundless accounts of new rocks or shoals given by timid navigators, who have happened to be thus surprised by the phenomenon partially taking place, and while they had yet steerage-way for making off from the fanned breakers.

THE OUTCRY ABOUT CHICORY.

THERE has lately been no little clamour respecting the adulteration of coffee with chicory, the exact merits of which we will attempt to analyse. In the first place, what is chicory? Chicory is a vegetable of the endive or dandelion order, only larger in the root, and it is cultivated chiefly in Germany. From Hamburg there is a large export of the root to Great Britain. It arrives here in a dried, shrivelled-up state, cut into morsels resembling the shreds of a carrot. In this condition it is whitish in colour, almost tasteless, and exceedingly light in weight as respects bulk. To render it available as a beverage, it is roasted like coffee beans; and when it has undergone this process, it has a black-brown appearance. After being ground, it resembles ground coffee: if anything, it is finer in the grain, of a lighter brown colour, and when put into water, it melts almost entirely away. It soils the hands much more than coffee; and from this liability to impart its colouring properties, it may be distinguished from coffee powder.

In Germany, its infusion, without any mixture with coffee, is taken as a beverage by persons in humble circumstances. The flavour of chicory in this pure state is that of a sharp, sweetish wort, slightly resembling the taste of liquorice, and in colour it has the appearance of a dark sherry.

In its fresh vegetable state, chicory, or succory—the *Cichorium Intybus* of botanists, is said to be a good tonic, and to have the effect of an aperient. Judging from the vast care which nature has taken to spread the dandelion and its kindred species over the earth, we might infer that plants of this kind were designed to be of some considerable use to man or the lower animals; and it would be more than a matter of curiosity to learn what are the actual and beneficial uses to which the vegetable in question may be put. What if the despised dandelion, the 'unprofitably gay' decorator of our roadsides, and the pest of our grass-plots, turns out to be a most important material of human solace and subsistence!

Whatever be the discoverable properties and applicabilities of the dandelion tribe of vegetables, our object in the meanwhile is to see what part chicory is made to perform in the preparation and sale of coffee. To get, if possible, at the truth, we have had three infusions made, one of pure chicory, a second of pure coffee, and the third of coffee and chicory mixed, in the proportion of one to two ounces of chicory to a pound of coffee—that, we are assured by a respectable coffee-merchant, being the proper ratio of admixture. The experiment was made without and with sugar and cream, so as to be assured against any fallacy in the ingredients. Of the flavour of the pure infusion of chicory we have already spoken: it was that of a peculiar bitterish sweet, not very palatable, yet not positively distasteful. The flavour of the pure coffee was something different from what coffee is usually considered to be. There was a *thinness* of body about it, as wine-tasters would say; it was not exactly the thing; few would take it from choice. The flavour of the mixed coffee and chicory infusion was at once recognised to be that which the beverage called coffee ordinarily has when well made, and which most coffee-drinkers, we should imagine, would prefer. Any one can of course make the same experiment for himself, and he will probably arrive at the same conviction. The truth seems to be, that coffee is not what people call coffee, unless a certain quantity of chicory be prepared along with it; and it is rather remarkable that the world has been so long in getting at this fact. The chicory seems to give body to the coffee. It gives it also depth of colour; but that is nothing. It fortifies the quality of thinness in the coffee, imparts that softish and pleasing aroma which makes the beverage acceptable. Besides this, we are informed that chicory improves the medical virtues of coffee, by neutralising in some degree its constrictive effects.

So far, then, the use of chicory as an attendant of coffee may be said to be not only unobjectionable, but proper. The commercial part of the question, however, presents a different aspect. Chicory is a cheap coffee is a dear article; and therefore if dealers sell an over-proportion of chicory in their coffee, without making a corresponding allowance in the price, they commit a fraud. The correct and reasonable proportion ought to be not more than two ounces of chicory to sixteen ounces of coffee; but it is stated on good authority that in many shops the proportion is half and half, or in some cases as much as two-thirds of chicory to a third of coffee.

Any such intermixture is undoubtedly dishonest, and cannot be spoken of without reprobation. A principal reason for our alluding to the subject has been to warn coffee buyers against practices of this nature. The most effectual method of guarding against deception will consist in all parties buying coffee and chicory unground, and having ground them separately, they can then mix them in any proportions they please. From all respectable dealers the two articles can be had separately. A good coffee-mill may be purchased for 4s. 6d.; and with this handy little machine, a housewife may set all the tricks of coffee-dealers at defiance. But there are persons too poor to buy a coffee-mill. That is too true, and in this, as in many other things, the destruction of the poor is their poverty. At the same time, there must be few artisans who cannot spare the sum we speak of; and the knowledge that the public are roused to the subject of coffee adulteration, will at all events prevent grocers from carrying on their adulteration to the extent above referred to.

The discussions in the newspapers respecting the chicory cheat have brought into view another question. At present, a moderate custom-house duty is levied on foreign chicory; and under the operation of the active demand for the article, farmers have begun to raise it duty free; nor can we see any reason why people should not grow it for themselves in their own gardens. Before the cultivation goes any great length, the Chancellor of the Exchequer may perhaps attempt to procure a repressive act of the legislature, such as exists against the home cultivation of tobacco, though we should scarcely expect with the same success. To stop the growth of dandelions, big or little, would baffle even the omnipotence of parliament, and the very effort to do so would be a step beyond the sublime.

As if chicory were destined to raise an uproar, still another branch of the subject has excited declamation. The coffee-growing interest in our colonies has begun to be alarmed at the increasing consumption of chicory, whether foreign or native. It is stated that, for 36,000,000 lbs. of coffee, 12,000,000 lbs. of chicory were sold last year. To stop this abuse, they propose that a duty should be levied of 4d. per lb. on home-grown dried chicory, by that means placing it on an equality with British plantation coffee, and thus, if not checking the consumption of chicory, at least producing a revenue of £200,000 annually. Coffee-drinkers will feel obliged by the colonists taking so much care on their account; but we believe they may spare themselves any farther trouble. Chicory-growers and chicory-drinkers are quite competent to look after their own affairs. If any fresh law is required in this department of economics, it is one to remove all duties whatsoever on coffee; and everything portends that such a law will be in operation at no distant date.

To wind up these rambling observations, it is our belief, as it is that of respectable coffee merchants, that if the use of chicory were utterly put down, coffee-drinking would be lessened in a very considerable degree—perhaps as much as would be the drinking of beer if the use of hops were proscribed. As a diluent of coffee, chicory is used all over continental Europe; and it was not until the English learned that a small proportion of chicory was put by the French into their coffee, that they attained the same skill in the preparation of the beverage. This knowledge was first acquired by those coffee-dealers who aimed at selling 'coffee as in France.' Statesmen are not ignorant that the use of chicory helps the sale of coffee. In April 1844, when a debate on the budget took place in the House of Commons, Mr Baring observed that 'we were mistaken about chicory, in thinking that the use of it prevented the consumption of coffee: he believed that chicory was mixed to a large extent with bad coffee. When Lord Spencer first proposed the reduction of the duty on chicory, the result was, that a certain amount of bad

coffee, which would not pass in the market, was, by admixture with chicory, made to go down. People were wrong in supposing that chicory made bad coffee; he believed that the foreign coffee, which we so much preferred, contained one-third chicory. Cross the Channel, and in point of fact all the coffee you drink contains one-third part of chicory.' It may, however, be urged that, for the protection alike of the fair trader and the public, coffee exposed for sale in a ground state should be liable to the examination of officers of excise, and to confiscation in the event of chicory being found too largely intermingled with it. Nothing would be more proper than such a power of inspection and seizure, provided it could be exerted at little expense or trouble. But we need hardly point out the practical inexpediency of employing excise officers to visit every little grocery establishment throughout the United Kingdom, commissioned with a power to judge of the quality of an article which even experienced parties would be at a loss to determine. On this account, we fear that the public must in this, as in many other things, be left to its own unassisted shrewdness, as well as the ordinary principles of competition in trade, for protection against the unfair imposition of chicory for coffee.

THE MENZIKOFF FAMILY.

CLOSE to the Kremlin at Moscow was to be seen, about the end of the seventeenth century, the shop of a pastry-cook of the name of Menzikoff, famous for making a kind of honey-cake in great request amongst the Russians. This Menzikoff had a son, who, though a mere boy, from his quickness and intelligence was most useful to his father. It was his business to sell the cakes; and he might be seen in every quarter of the city with a basket, which he was often fortunate enough to empty three or four times in the day. On some occasions, however, he was unsuccessful in disposing of his merchandise; and when thus bringing home again part of what he had carried out, he used to steal into his little room to avoid meeting his father, who in such cases would fly into a passion, and send him to bed supperless, and perhaps, in addition to this punishment, beat him severely. And never was chastisement more unjust; for Alexander did his very best to sell his cakes, repairing to the most public walks, and the doors of the principal churches, traversing the streets and the thoroughfares, till at length he was well known to all the inhabitants of Moscow—nay, even to the Czar Peter himself, who condescended, while buying cakes from him, to chat with him, and laugh at his lively sallies and quick repartees.

Brought thus into contact with princes and nobles, the sight of the luxury and magnificence that surrounded them soon inspired the young Menzikoff with a disgust of his trade sufficiently strong to make him long to throw aside his basket, and bid adieu for ever to his cakes. But his aspirations had scarcely taken the form of hope, so vague were they, and so little probability did there appear of any change of condition. Little did he imagine that fortune was even then about to take him by the hand, to raise him to the highest pinnacle.

One day his father received an order for cakes from a nobleman, who was giving an entertainment to several of the courtiers of the czar. Alexander was of course the bearer of them. Admitted to the banqueting-room, he sees a large company, all of whom had indulged in copious libations, and the greater number of whom were quite intoxicated. To Alexander's astonishment, in the midst of the jingle of glasses, and the clamour of drunken riot, he hears threatening words against the czar. A vast conspiracy exists to expel him from the throne, got up by the Princess Sophia, whose ambition could not be satisfied in the obscurity of the convent in which her brother Peter obliged her to remain. The very next day the conspirators were to carry into effect their terrible plot. Alexander hesitates not one moment; he glides unnoticed from the room, and hastens to the

palace. He is surrounded on his arrival by the guards, to whom he is well known.

'Good-day, Menzikoff; what brings you here without your cakes?'

'Talk not of cakes!' he answered, panting and breathless, and almost wild with terror: 'I must see the czar; I must speak to him, and that on the instant!'

'A mighty great man truly to speak to the czar: he has other things to do besides listening to your folly.'

'In the name of all you love best, for the sake of great St Nicholas, our patron saint, take me to the czar; every moment lost may be the cause of frightful misfortunes. If you hinder me from seeing the emperor, you will repent it all your life.'

Surprised at his urgency, one of the guards determined to go to the emperor and ascertain his pleasure concerning him. Peter, always accessible to the meanest of his subjects, ordered Menzikoff to be admitted. 'Well, Alexander, and what have you got to say so very important?'

'My lord,' cried the boy, throwing himself at the prince's feet, 'your life is at stake if you delay a single hour. Only a few paces from your palace they are conspiring against you: they have sworn to have your life.'

'I will not give them time,' answered Peter smiling. 'Come, rise, and be my guide. Remember only that you must be silent as the grave upon all you already know and all that may happen. Your future fortunes depend on your discretion.'

With these words the emperor wrapped himself in a cloak, and repaired alone to the house where the conspirators were assembled. A few minutes' pause at the door of the room gave him, in the words he overheard, sufficient proof of the truth of Menzikoff's report, and he suddenly entered the room. The conspirators, supposing that his guards were at his back, fell on their knees before him, imploring pardon at the very moment that his life was in their hands.

From that day might be dated the brilliant fortunes of the young Menzikoff. Peter, grateful for the service he had rendered him, kept him about his person, and gave him all the educational advantages within his reach. And well did he profit by them, acquiring in a short time several languages, and such skill in arms, and knowledge of state affairs, that he soon became necessary to the czar, who never went anywhere without him. When on his return from Holland, Peter wished to carry out those plans of social amelioration at which he had been labouring for so many years, he found in Menzikoff a second self, able and willing to co-operate with him in all his projects. Such signal services soon obtained for him the government of Ingris, the rank of prince, and in 1702 the title of major-general. He was then five-and-twenty years of age.

War having been declared against Poland, Menzikoff signalised himself in several battles, and attained to the highest offices. But was he happy? No: the perpetual fears of a reverse that haunted him, the consciousness that he was an object of jealousy and envy to all who surrounded him, robbed him of anything like tranquillity of mind. Every thought was absorbed in the unceasing effort to maintain his elevated rank, now only second to that of the emperor himself. But he was even now ill; he might die; what, then, would become of the favourite Menzikoff? Would his successor extend to him the same countenance? This thought pressing upon him perpetually, induced him to try and find out from the emperor what his intentions were as to the succession to the throne; but the prince was so much offended by the attempt, which he had too much penetration not to perceive, that, as a punishment, he deprived him of the principality of Pleskoff. Menzikoff was fully aware that his fate was bound up with that of the Empress Catharine, over whose mind he had always had great influence, and in concert with her he gained over all parties to favour her succession to the throne after the demise of her husband. No sooner were

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Peter's eyes closed in death, than Menzikoff seized on the treasury and citadel, and proclaimed Catharine empress under the name of Catharine I.

The czarina proved herself no ungrateful mistress; she ordered her stepson Peter, whom she had named as her successor, to marry the daughter of Menzikoff; and through the same influence a marriage was also agreed upon between the son of the latter and the Princess Anna. Both couples were betrothed; and Menzikoff, left nothing to desire, thought himself henceforth secure from all reverses; but it was not long before he experienced the proverbial inconstancy of fortune. All his efforts to place his power on a solid basis proved fruitless; the sudden death of Catharine I., which took place two years after that of her husband, entirely changed the aspect of affairs. Peter II. ascended the throne, and soon the impending storm burst upon his head. The Dolgorouki family were the counsellors and favourites of the new monarch, and they had long been the enemies of Menzikoff. They excited in the czar's mind a jealousy of the power of his intended father-in-law, and succeeded not only in breaking off the projected marriages, but in procuring the banishment of Menzikoff to his estate of Reuneburg, about 250 leagues from Moscow. But their hatred was not yet satisfied: his wealth alone gave him formidable power; he might reappear at court; and they now represented to the czar in the most odious light the pomp and splendour which Menzikoff had been imprudent enough to display in the removal of his family from Moscow; and the ruin of the unhappy man was irrevocably sealed. At some distance from Moscow a detachment of soldiers, commanded by one of his bitter enemies, came up with him, and a decree was shown to Menzikoff condemning him for the rest of his life to Siberia, stripped of all his honours and wealth. He was made to alight from his carriage, and after he and his wife and children had been compelled to put on the coarse garb of peasants, they were placed in the covered carts which were to convey them to their place of exile.

Who can paint the despair of the unhappy Menzikoff! A few short days before, he held the second rank in the state, under an emperor whose throne his daughter was to share; and now, stripped of his possessions, of liberty, of hope, he was borne along in a wretched vehicle to the horrible place where he was henceforth to drag out his miserable existence! As a favour, the emperor sent him to the circle of Ischim, called the 'Italy of Siberia,' because a few days of summer are known in it, the winter lasting only eight months; but that winter is intensely cold, though not as long as in the other parts of the country. The north wind is continually blowing, and comes charged with ice from the deserts of the north pole; so that from the month of September till the end of May the river Ibol is completely frozen over, and the snow thickly covers its rude and desolate banks.

Immediately on his arrival in Siberia, Menzikoff was put in possession of an *isba* (the Russian name for the peasant's hovel), situated in a very remote district of the gloomy region, and there he was subjected to the strictest watch. He was forbidden, with his family, to pass beyond a certain prescribed limit, even to go to church. A few days after their installation in their wretched abode, some cows and sheep, and a quantity of fowls, were brought to Menzikoff, without any intimation to whom he was indebted for this act of kindness. It was indeed an alleviation of his sad fate, not only as an addition to his physical comfort, but as inspiring a cheering hope, by showing that he had friends who still remembered and were interested in him. Perhaps their zeal to serve him would not stop here. This feeble ray of hope sufficed to cheer the unhappy family, and impart to them some degree of fortitude for the endurance of their misery; and Menzikoff steadily devoted himself to the cultivation of the ground which was to be the support of beings so dear to his heart.

But new trials awaited him. The health of his beloved wife gave way under the sad reverse and unwanted privations of her new situation, and a short time after their arrival she died. Menzikoff, in his despairing grief, would have soon followed her; but the thought of his helpless children bade him live to be their guide and stay. Religion now imparted to his mind that elevation and fortitude which it alone can give: he now knew the fleeting nature, the nothingness of the riches and honours of which a moment sufficed to deprive him; and he submitted with resignation to his fate, finding in prayer and in the affection of his family his sweetest consolation. But his cup of sorrow was not yet full: his three children were attacked at the same time by the small-pox. His son and one of his daughters recovered; but the eldest, she who had been betrothed to the czar, fell a victim to the fearful disorder. The unhappy father could not bear this fresh bereavement: he sank under his grief on the 2d of November 1729, after two years' abode amid the snows of Siberia.

The death of Menzikoff caused some relaxation in the severity of the government, and a little more liberty was now allowed to the two children; such as permission to go on Sundays to divine service at the town of Ischim, a considerable distance from their *isba*; but they were not allowed the gratification of being together—the brother going one day, and the sister the next.

Three years elapsed without any change in the situation of the young Menzikoffs; but now events occurred that totally altered the aspect of affairs at the court of Russia. Peter II. died without issue, and Anna, the eldest daughter of Peter I., ascended the throne. The solicitations of the friends of the unhappy family found a ready response from the compassion she herself felt for them, and an edict soon received her signature, recalling the young Menzikoff and his sister from banishment, and permitting their return to Moscow. The young creatures, far from expecting such a change, passed their days in cultivating their farm, and alternately availing themselves of their weekly privilege of going to church at Ischim.

One day, when the young girl was returning as usual alone, as she was passing a cabin, a man put his head out of the little hole that served as a window, and called her by name, and then made himself known as Dolgorouki, the enemy of her father, the author of all the misfortunes of her family, now in his turn a victim to court intrigues. She was hastening home to inform her brother of this fresh instance of the instability of human greatness, when, as she approached the house, she saw a government jäger, escorted by a band of soldiers, at the door. Her heart sickened with the apprehension of some new misfortune, and her trembling limbs were unable to bear her farther, when her brother ran out to meet her. 'Joy, sister, joy!' he cried; 'Heaven has at last had pity on us. Our gracious sovereign restores us to our home and our country. Here is an order from the Czarina Anna recalling us to court, and putting us in possession of the fifth part of our poor father's property.'

For wonder and joy, the young girl could not believe that she heard aright; and it was not till she actually had the document put into her hands that restored them to liberty and to their country, that she could be persuaded that she was not the sport of illusion. But once assured, she stood motionless, breathless, under a revulsion so mighty, so sudden. Then came the thought of her father, of her mother, of all they had suffered; and the first joy was soon mingled and tempered with pensive regret. It was with eyes dimmed with the tears of memory that she met her brother's glance beaming with hope, as on the day fixed for their departure they got into the carriage that was to convey them to Moscow, after having paid a last visit to the grave of their parents, and made over to Dolgorouki their *isba* and all that it contained. The czarina received them

at graciously, and gave to Menzikoff the place of captain of her guard, and that of tire-woman to his sister. Soon after she richly endowed her, on the occasion of her marriage with one of the most powerful nobles of her court.

FESTIVALS AND HOLIDAYS.

REFERENCE to festival days was a primitive mode of marking the seasons as they circled away over earlier and less-occupied generations. These were doubtless the oldest reckoning points in mankind's measurement of time, as the earliest festivals of nations were instituted to celebrate those natural occurrences in which they were most deeply interested, such as the rising of the Nile in Egypt, the date season in Arabia, and the gathering in of the corn in Europe. Old country people still count in a similar fashion. From Halloween to Hogmanay is a well-known period in the calendar of the Scottish peasant; the English rustic knows the weeks and days between May-day and Michaelmas; while Midsummer, Candlemas, and Patrick's Day are recognised terms in the cabins of Ireland.

The holiday times seem to have passed from us hard-working and hard-thinking Britons, with the exception of some Christmas doings by English firesides, accompanied by the emptying of schools and the thronging of theatres; the royal birthdays, known only in our great towns; and a feeble remnant of Scotland's ancient welcome to the year. We are careful and troubled about many things of more importance; but as these half obsolete words meet us in rural districts and legal documents, to which their very mention is now almost confined, it is curious to look back on the variety of days that have been regarded, and the still more various fashions in which they were celebrated.

The observation of days is among the facts which prove the dominion of memory over human life; as dates are the pillars of history, so anniversaries are the most enduring memorials; since time, which corrodes the brazen, and crumbles down the marble monument, perpetually restores them, in spite of wars and vicissitudes: hence, though the first festivals of the world had always a natural sign and origin, yet the commemoration of important events by their real or assigned anniversaries has been sanctioned more or less by the divines, legislators, and the customs of all nations. Fast as well as feast days were indeed thus instituted; but our attention is for the present bestowed on the latter, being at least a more cheerful subject.

The Feast of Fools was the most remarkable festival of the middle ages, the oldest in its establishment, and the first to disappear—having come into use in the middle of the fifth century, and been utterly abolished at the Protestant Reformation. It was observed in almost every country of Christendom on different days, but always between Christmas and the last Sunday of Epiphany. Its chief ceremonies were the election of an abbot or bishop of Unreason, and a burlesque imitation of all the acts and offices of the then dominant Church of Rome. That these mockeries were not only tolerated, but encouraged by the ecclesiastics of the period, whose authority was so extensive and unquestioned, is in itself a phenomenon; yet such was generally the case in spite of both popes and councils, whose decrees were frequently issued, but in vain, against the Feast of Fools. Similar minglings of the burlesque and the pious of every description were characteristic of the Gothic times, and are still observable in the illuminated manuscripts and elaborately-carved columns they have left us, where grotesquely-comic figures are occasionally introduced amid theological, and at times most instructive allegory.

The Feast of Fools is believed to have been a derivation of the Saturnalia, an ancient Roman festival, in which all social positions were reversed for the time, and a good-humoured sort of anarchy prevailed. It occurred at the same season as did many festivals

among the elder nations; nor is it the least curious part of our subject that almost every feast day known to us or our fathers dates its observance from the most remote antiquity, and has been transmitted from age to age, and from people to people, changed in name perhaps, and in the cause of its festive honours: as one order of things passed away, and another came in its stead, successive generations found the old feast days in their places, and used, rejoiced in, or, it may be, abused them, as they did with the other productions of their seasons.

It is also remarkable that the earliest and most widely-celebrated festivals of the world occur in mid-winter. Amongst the Chinese, Persians, and Indians, not only was our Christmas observed with the full complement of twelve days, according to old travellers, but the very sports and amusements peculiar to the season among our European ancestors, and still practised in a small way, were current in those remote regions of the East.

Our New-Year's Day belongs not entirely to the Christian era. The Romans patronised the 1st of January in a similar fashion: it was sacred to their god Janus, from which the month was named; an idol with two faces representing time, the past and future. The custom of New-Year's gifts seems also to have descended from them; for the despotic Emperor Caligula was accustomed to remain in his hall of audience the whole day for the purpose of receiving such offerings. Henry III. of England profited largely by the Roman's example, when he intimated to his courtiers and subjects generally that his feelings towards them for the ensuing year would be regulated by the gifts presented on the 1st of January. Queen Elizabeth availed herself of the steps of her predecessors: she was wont to furnish her jewel-box and wardrobe by contributions so levied; and judging from the three thousand dresses which that 'bright occidental star' left behind her, the presentations must have been neither few nor small; they were even accepted from the servants of her majesty's household; among others, the dustman is recorded to have presented her with two pieces of cambric. But to return to the perpetuation of festivals: it is worthy of remark that Twelfth Night, whose attendant cake, beans, and lambs'-wool, not to wear, but drink, stood so high in the estimation of old festive times, and from which Shakespeare named his finest comedy, is known to have been observed by the early Egyptians with strange symbolical ceremonies of joy for finding their deity Osiris: some philosophers have attributed this coincidence of festivals in different times and nations to what has been asserted as a historical fact, that occurrences of great moment in the destiny of nations or individuals generally take place at the season to which we have referred. It is singular that even the Highlanders believe their magicians can visit the Land of Souls much more easily at mid-winter than any other period, because the way is shorter; and they also celebrate a festival called the Feast of the Departed about the end of December. There is a sort of agreement to differ between these ideas, not unfrequently found in those of widely-separated men; but it appears that mankind generally have concurred in cheering up mid-winter with festal lights and doings, and, independent of weightier considerations, the season seems to require them. Strange to say, France and Scotland have been the two modern nations that most extensively practised and longest retained the celebration of New-Year's Day by gifts and visits; and though diverse in history and character as any lands could be, they still assimilate in this respect. In Paris, before the recent Revolution, the sales of confectionery, jewellery, and fancy articles of all sorts on the last week of the year were estimated at one-fourth of its entire purchases. No statist, as far as we are aware, has yet calculated the amount bought and sold north of the Tweed for similar purposes; but it would probably seem of more account in the eyes of the present generation than the New-

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Year's gifts most valued by their British ancestors; which consisted of the mistletoe bough, cut down with a golden knife, and distributed among them by the Druids of their tribes. After-times gave to that wintery parasite of the oak a less mystic signification than that attached to it in the faith of the Celtic nations, to whom it was a pledge of safety and good fortune.

The Carnival was a worthy successor to the Feast of Fools: its glory grew, while that of the former declined; but was almost restricted to the south of Europe, and flourished especially in Italy, from whose language its name—signifying *Fauftall*, to flesh—was derived. The custom of masking on that day is said to have been introduced by the Venetians, amongst whom it was always common; and being in many respects suited to the Italian genius and character, it still prevails to a considerable extent in those showy but grotesque celebrations for which the peasant or mechanic of Italy musters up his whole stock of merriment and paras, as the Carnival has been for many centuries the only holiday enjoyed by those classes. The splendours and the license of the Carnival at Venice were standing themes with the old tourists; but they have long since shared the fortunes of its deserted palaces. At Rome, the festival is still observed with all its ancient honours; and in Paris it is kept as a day of more than usual display and freedom, particularly among the lower orders; while in Britain, under the Catholic name Shrovetide—from the Saxon word *shrive*, to confess—it was distinguished only by a feast of pancakes, prepared of old in both castle and cottage, but now remembered no more except in remote hamlets.

Valentine's Day is said to be the heir of a Roman festival at which the young unmarried were accustomed to draw lots, by way of divination, regarding their future partners, in the temple of Venus. When transferred to the saint whose name it bears, this practice remained associated with the day, according to tradition, because St Valentine was the only one among the fathers of the church who contended celibacy: its observance is old in Britain, but has undergone various modifications before reaching the present form of post-office employment. Shakespeare, in the play of 'Hamlet', introduces a rustic song, from which it appears that about this time, or earlier, the choice of Valentines, then meaning persons only, was shown by visits; and in the reign of Charles II. it was exhibited by presents, especially of gloves. Pepys in his 'Diary' mentions with wonted minuteness 'half-a-dozen pairs bought for his Valentine.'

The moon has been the governess of many festivals: the apparent growth and wane of that familiar planet, in its revolution round the earth, presents in all climates a species of visible calendar, which they that see may read: it is the simplest method of astronomical computation, and is still in use among the Mohammedan nations, who reckon their year by moons. The Greater and Lesser Bairam are the only festivals countenanced by the Moslem faith; the latter, which is of comparatively little note, is kept sixty days after the former: it begins with the new moon immediately following the Ramagan—a month of fasting from sunrise to sunset—which no doubt contributes to the welcome of the feast. In Mohammedan cities this is given with a general burst of illumination, prepared for some hours previously, and loud shouts from all the dervishes, the moment the imam, who has been on the look-out, announces from the minaret that he has descried the first bright edge of the new moon. The Great Bairam continues for three days, and is the special season for present-making in the East; even European residents and ambassadors are expected to remember the pachas and viziers to some purpose. The festival is believed to have existed long before the days of Mohammed, and was probably adopted from the Jews, whose ancient celebrations of the new moon are known to all acquainted with their history. Travellers have remarked

that the only trace of stated festivals observed among the aborigines of Australia was a sort of assembly which they were accustomed to hold on their wide plains, in order to practise the kangaroo dance under the new moon; but their traditional reasons for so doing have never been assigned. The full moon has also its attendant festivals: the Olympic Games, which were celebrated every fourth year, and governed the historical calendar of ancient Greece, four years being reckoned an Olympiad, commenced at the first full moon after the summer solstice with sacrifice and feast, and were attended by the expert of all nations, who contended for prizes in every department of gymnastics, as well as in eloquence, music, and poetry.

Every year, on the fifteenth day of the first moon, the emperor of China repairs in great state to a certain field, accompanied by the princes and the principal officers, prostrates himself, and touches the ground nine times with his head, in honour of Tien the god of heaven. He pronounces a prayer prepared by the Court of Ceremonies, invoking the blessing of the great being on his labour and that of his people; then, as the high-priest of the empire, he sacrifices a bullock to heaven as the fountain of all good. Whilst the victim is offered on the altar, a plough, drawn by a pair of oxen highly ornamented, is brought to the emperor, who throws aside his imperial robes, lays hold of the handle of the plough, and opens several furrows over the whole field. The principal mandarins follow his example. The festival closes with the distribution of money and cloth amongst the peasantry.

Easter, the most generally-observed of Christian festivals, occurs, as decreed by the Council of Nice, on the first Sabbath after the full moon on or after the equinox. It is especially rejoiced in by the Greek Church throughout her wide dominions. At the same season, splendid processions move under the green olives of Jerusalem, and through the deep snows of Moscow; but their Easter is different from that of the West, as the nations of the Greek faith retain what is commonly called Old Style—the calendar as it stood at the Council of Nice in 322—consequently reckon our 1st of April the equinox, and keep the festival accordingly. The said 1st of April, All-fool's Day with our fathers, though scarcely a festival in the ordinary sense, was long and widely distinguished by its peculiar license for practical jokes. The custom can be early traced in France, Germany, and even Hungary; but its origin remains in more than rustic obscurity.

May-Day, though essentially rural in its character, is a festival whose very memory is bound up with pleasant and graceful associations. It was probably a natural tribute to the general joy and beauty of the season, and early practised among the Greeks, the Celtic nations, and the Saxons, by whom it was bequeathed to the rustic hamlets of England, lingering among them almost till our own railway times. It has been referred to by every poet from Chaucer to Tennyson, whose 'May Queen' is at least the most popular of his poems. Cervantes mentions it in his day as one of the rural feasts of Spain; and the celebration of May-Day with garlands, queen, and morris dances, was considered one of the grandest affairs of London in the fifteenth century.

Beltane E'en, the Vigil of St John, or Midsummer Eve—for by all these names it has been known—is now scarcely recognised except in the remote districts of Ireland, where fires may be seen kindling from hill to hill as the sun goes down, and round them groups of the younger peasantry, gathered to dance, sing, and chat, till the long twilight of that season fades into the dewy night. The festival is old among the remnants of the Celtic race, and has been observed in the Highlands of Scotland, in Wales, and in Brittany. Some say it was derived from the Guebre faith or fire-worship, introduced into Ireland by the builders of those round towers that have been such a puzzle to antiquaries. Certain it is that traces of it are found throughout

Asia: the well-known Chinese Feast of Lanterns is supposed to have a similar origin; and on the steppes of European Russia it is practised exactly as on the hills of Ireland. The affinity of human beliefs and fashions might be almost proved from festivals; but among those of summer days, there is one peculiar to North-western India and the adjoining Persian provinces, extolled by all the poets of Asia as the Feast of Rose. It occurred when that queen of flowers—for the cultivation and abundance of which those regions have always been remarkable—was in its fullest bloom, and flourished most under the early Mohammedan sovereigns, who were accustomed to leave the cities with their whole court and harem for some chosen spot, where they might enjoy its sports in rustic ease—the burden of Eastern etiquette being cast aside for the time. Moore gives a glowing description of this feast in his 'Lalla Rookh.' But on the principle that mankind naturally rejoice over their profits, it evidently originated from the fact, that the rose has for several ages furnished the chief articles of commerce to those provinces, in the form of a variety of perfumes, including the famous attar and rose-water, both indispensable to an Asiatic toilet.

Similar causes promoted the merriment of the vintage in France, and made the sheep-shearings of England such festive scenes when Thomson described them. Wine in the one country, and wool in the other, were linked with national industry and interest—so all nations have kept feasts in autumn. The Indians of North America, with whom agriculture was confined to a little half-weed maize, had their corn feasts; and the 'harvest homes' of Britain have in some degree survived the changes of creeds, of thrones, and of manners. They were doubtless more important affairs when, as tradition hath it, Queen Elizabeth assigned a goose for the Michaelmas dinner of all her subjects who could afford it, because her majesty was engaged in discussing a portion of one when informed of the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

The last day of October, our Scottish Halloween, and the Saxon Allhallowa, though now fallen into nearly total neglect, was one of the most noticeable and peculiar of all our popular festivals; the celebration of the feast only at night, surrounded by a perfect network of legendary beliefs and tales, which Burns has so graphically sketched for the amusement, or perhaps instruction, of less credulous generations, mark it with strange characters of mingled mirth and fear. It may be observed that something of the latter has been attached to the eve of almost every festival in the popular belief of different countries. To the German peasant, St Mark's Eve, which occurs at the opposite season, was notable for the same degree of activity among the spiritual powers characteristic of our Halloween; and in the western provinces of France, Christmas Eve was invested with a still more extraordinary terror, as on that night the domestic animals, especially cattle, were believed to be endowed with the power of speech; but their conversation was fatal to all the human family, for those who heard it invariably died soon after. These remnants of what in old English phrase is called 'Fochlore,' illustrate the times to which they belong no less than the specimens of quaint carving and rude utensils exhibited in our museums. Both represent a state of things which has been, and enlarge our knowledge of the past with all its lessons.

The festivals of Christendom were mostly instituted for religious purposes, from which, however, the greater part were soon alienated; and in the progress of the dark ages they increased to such a degree, that at that one period Europe had not a single common or working-day throughout the entire year, all being dedicated to one commemoration or another. In short, to quote from a modern poet, 'They had weeks of Sundays, a saint's day every day'; but as a matter of necessity, the majority remained unobserved, for to the great mass of mankind life can never be a succession of holidays;

but the peasants of Russia and France, though so far apart, concurred in appropriating a kind of individual festival from that literal calendar: the French called it their 'Fête,' and the Russians their 'Names-Day,' being, in fact, the day of the saint whose name a person happened to bear, which was therefore celebrated by his or her friends after the fashion of their respective countries. Parties were made in France, and presents in Russia; but the custom is still retained in the dominions of the czar, and servants particularly never permit their master's day to pass without the knowledge of both master and mistress.

The utility of festivals to nations and society in general is a question of considerable controversy: the opposing arguments are founded chiefly on the interruptions they occasion in public business, the facilities they afford for improvidence and idleness, and the abuses by which they have been too frequently disgraced among the working-classes, to the injury of both their means and morals. There is sad truth in this last objection; but, on the other hand, it is contended that the institution of festivals is natural to humanity, and one of the distinguishing traits of our species; that they serve great moral purposes, in reviving the pious or elevating recollections connected with those events which they generally commemorate, and apt to be forgotten in the dusty bustle of business, or the dull routine of mechanical employment. It is also maintained that they contribute to the cultivation of the social virtues, and refresh, with needful relaxation and amusement, the toil-worn lives of the labouring population, which without them would be 'all work, and no play,' with the proverbial consequence—that all human privileges and arrangements are liable to abuses, and those to which they have been subjected, are no arguments against festivals.

CURIOSITIES OF MENDICANCY.

In the 'Journal of the Statistical Society' there are some curious particulars given of the progress of mendicancy in London. During the past twenty years, English mendicancy, as shown in the applications to the Mendicity Society, has scarcely varied at all in the average. The principal increase was in the severe winters of 1832-3 and 1837-8; and a corresponding decrease occurred in the mild winter of 1842-3. This accounts naturally for the variation, and shows that there is neither a moral nor economical deterioration going on among the people.

Irish mendicancy, on the other hand, has increased in London so enormously, that there are about eleven Irish relieved for one English! It is stated that the food-tickets of the Mendicity Society were probably one of the causes of this influx of mendicants. It is supposed that the low lodging-house keepers contrived to obtain a supply of the tickets, and offered them as bonuses to their customers. The news would immediately fly throughout the country, and induce thousands of tramps to pay the metropolis a visit. The rapidity of communication among persons of this class is illustrated by very remarkable fact: two days before the closing of the Society's office, on the death of the assistant manager in 1848, there were 697 cases, and on the following day not *one* applicant appeared! A system of communication, therefore, must exist among the London mendicants about equal in effect and rapidity to that of the telegraph. In the course of a single day the whole vast body were informed that it would be a waste of time to present themselves in Red Lion Square on the following morning.

The alteration in the poor-law in the years 1837-9 is described as another cause of the evil, so far as London is concerned. Before that period it was the custom of the metropolitan parishes to refuse relief to all but those who had a settlement in the parish; but since then, a wandering mendicant has as good a right to relief as a resident. The remedy suggested is the discontinuance

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of all establishments which provide food or lodging for mendicants without inquiry or the labour test; and to open in their stead district receiving-houses under the superintendence of the police, where, in return for the labour of the applicants, they might be supplied for a limited time both with bed and board. Such places would accommodate the really deserving labourer moving in quest of work; and they would be carefully shunned by the tramps, whom they would bring under the power of the Vagrant Act.

But eleven Irish beggars in London for one English—with an enormous majority on the same side in the amount of crime, as is shown by the reports from the great provincial towns! This is the startling curiosity in the affair; and taken in conjunction with the large sums mentioned from time to time as being remitted to Ireland, the produce of work, theft, and beggary, points to a state of things without a parallel in history.

MISFORTUNES OF MR NIBBS.

The other day, on glancing over a newspaper, the following paragraph, descriptive of proceedings in the Court of Bankruptcy, met our eye. The name of the party only is altered:—

'Mr Commissioner _____ sat, but the cases disposed of were of no public interest. Augustus Nibbs, who was director of a society called the _____ Coal Company, came up on the question of certificate. Mr Nibbs, an elderly gentleman, had retired from trade on a handsome independence, and was unfortunately induced to become a member of this bubble company. Being the only solvent man in the concern, he was sued for the debts of the company, and ruined. His honour expressed his surprise at the credulity with which Mr Nibbs had suffered himself to be gulled by sharpers, but at the same time expressed his concern at the condition to which he was reduced.—Certificate granted.'

We think the reporter for the press was scarcely justified in saying that the above case had no public interest. To our mind it is full of meaning and instruction. We have never, in so few words, read a more affecting case of individual ruin—hopes destroyed, confidence abused by the blackest rascality. We offer a tribute of compassion to Mr Nibbs, although we know nothing of him beyond what the reporter has given of his sad history. Ignorant of actual particulars, we can nevertheless easily fancy a biography for the unfortunate gentleman. Every line in the paragraph aids the imagination.

Mr Augustus Nibbs is an elderly person retired from business. By a long course of diligence in his profession, he had realised a competent fortune, and had retired to a neat villa at Hampstead, Norwood, or some other pleasant suburban retreat. In this delightful seclusion, within an omnibus distance of town, and an arrangement by which he might read the 'morning paper daily,' Mr Nibbs had every reason to look forward to a few years of tranquil enjoyment, along with the aged partner of his fortunes. There is a slight difficulty as to whether Mr Nibbs had any family. We rather believe he had an only daughter, who was grown up, and married, and therefore, as we supposed, off his hands. But the marriage of Eliza, as we shall call the daughter, had not turned out happily, so far as worldly prosperity is concerned. Her husband had not been successful in business, and shortly after the retirement of the father, his son-in-law stood very much in want of a situation. Let us here moralise for a moment.

The putting of sons, sons-in-law, or brothers into business, or giving them a share of your own concern, is often a very perilous thing. You mean well, no doubt. Your heart glows with delight at the notion of giving James, Thomas, or whatever his name is, a chance of getting forward in the world. And all very right, if the said young personage is really deserving and competent to the undertaking—if he possess that degree

of skill, steadiness, and self-denial which will enable him to do battle in the great struggle in which society is engaged. If you be not perfectly sure on these points, don't make the risk. Let James feel by experience that he must be self-reliant. And if reasonable help and advice fail, far rather put James on an aliment for life than send him into business. Give him £100 a year to do nothing. It will be the cheapest way in the end.

Fathers-in-law are not always Solomons. Mr Nibbs was anxious to see his son-in-law employed; and his son-in-law seconded the intention. Just at this juncture there appeared an advertisement in the 'Times' announcing the formation of a joint-stock company for supplying London with coal on surprisingly profitable terms to the subscribers, and vast benefit to the public. Nibbs was taken with the idea. His money was little better than rotting in the 3 per cents. Here was an opportunity for making an investment; and besides, if he took a hand in the thing, it might be the means of getting a good situation for Tom, that unfortunate son-in-law of his. Here we again take the liberty of moralising a little.

One with another, at least three-fourths of all the joint-stock companies projected rest on false or delusive statements. Decent people, who have retired for life to their easy-chairs, are not blessed with a thorough perception of this fact. There they sit reposingly at one side of the parlour fire, their wife on the other. There is a pleasant warmth from the grate. A favourite little dog lies stretched out confidently on the rug, a picture of animal ease and enjoyment. No sound is heard but the cheerful piping of canary, which is hung up to bask in the sun's rays at the kitchen window. Employment—old man reading the paper; 'missus' at darning or crotchet. Now who would have the soul to break up this scene; shift the accessories; turn out the old gentleman from his well-earned chimney-corner; break the heart of the wife; send the little dog adrift to be the sport of butchers' boys; and kill the canary? Trust us, there are such upbreaks. The law is an unrelenting monster; and those may think themselves well off who do not come under its talons.

Not to wander too far from the point: the worthy beings whom we talk of commit a serious indiscretion when they have anything to do with joint-stock companies. To understand these concerns, you require to go about and hear all the gossip respecting them—who has got them up? whether the names appended to prospectuses are real or sham? what, soberly speaking, are the prospects of success? Not being assured on these points, let the schemes, however fair-looking in print, pass unheeded. By no means attend any preliminary meeting. If you do, you will get yourself in some way or other committed. Should you be afflicted with a benevolent tendency, be only still more on your guard. Let all projects involving money-risks be examined on rigorous commercial principles. It may sound harshly to say this; but who thanks Mr Nibbs for having ruined not only himself, but his wife, his dog, and his canary, all to help on a concern which he had some notion would benefit his son-in-law?

Unfortunate Nibbs! It was a bad business your ever going near that preliminary committee meeting of the _____ Coal Association. Why did you ever take the chair, and feel flattered at seeing your name down as a director? That polite gentleman in the satin waistcoat and rings, who acted as secretary, was a regular sharper. The whole thing was a scheme concocted to cause decent people like yourself to lose their money. And had not Mrs Nibbs always her suspicions? Do not you remember her saying to you one day, when you were taking your hat to go out, 'Really, my dear, I wish you would have nothing to do with them joint-stock concerns? What business have you to run such risks? Are not we quite comfortable as we are? Any more money would do us no sort of good; we could not eat, drink, or sleep better if we had the whole Bank of England. Twelve and a

half per cent. you say! I believe that is all nonsense. My advice is, let well alone; and don't go bothering about joint-stock companies, of which you have no proper experience.' 'It may lead to something good for Eliza and her husband.' 'Stuff! let Eliza and Tom fight through the world as you and I have done. 'Think of the great benefit to the poor in giving them coal at a moderate price; that weighs greatly with me.' 'Then help those poor you know something about; but don't run into schemes involving thousands of pounds, and which you cannot see the end of. Well, well, I see you are determined; but mind my words—you'll repent it.'

Married women are not speculative. They are generally suspicious of clap-trap-looking projects; and, on the whole, they are right. They see things coolly. They have a salutary fear of domestic disorganisation. Nibbs, a bankrupt, cleared out, now feels the force of his wife's observations and counsels. All the fruits of forty years' industry are gone. An old man, almost forgotten by professional acquaintances, he finds that he has once more to begin the world. But compassionately we drop the curtain over the efforts which a manly though subdued spirit makes to recover itself. At the worst, there are nooks to shelter men like Nibbs from the blasts of adversity. The corporations of London, with a munificence which has no parallel, offer a humble and not comfortless home in their respective almshouses to those whom the world has not treated kindly. Let us hope that, all else failing, the too credulous Nibbs and his old woman—not forgetting the dog and canary—will in one of these homes have found a refuge wherein their aching hearts may rest in peace!

ASTRONOMY.

The least acquainted with the philosophy of the heavens must derive, more or less, instruction and improvement from the most superficial view that can be taken of them. We cannot even cast our eyes above us or about us without feeling our minds expanded with admiration, and our hearts warmed with devotion. In an age of ignorance and barbarism, the heavens taught idolatry and superstition; but now that knowledge is more generally diffused, and men are better informed, they inspire only gratitude and piety. They borrow all their brightness from the great Fountain of light and life, and diffuse it liberally for our use; to teach us that all our endowments are likewise bestowed for the benefit of others as well as ourselves. We learn, from their inviolable steadiness and order, the incalculable advantages of regularity in our conduct, and exactness in discharging the duties of life. Clouds may intercept their lustre, but cannot interrupt their tranquillity; and the upper regions are never more serene than while the lower are convulsed with storms. They affect no precedence but what is sanctioned by nature; as the lighter are ever attracted and controlled by the weightier masses; intimating to us that they are best entitled to rule who are best able to fulfil the ends of government, which is the welfare of the community; and that, among members of society possessing unequal parts, a perfect equality of condition is impracticable. Their obedience to the primary institutions of their Maker is a standing condemnation of our habitual aberrations from the laws he subscribes and the precepts he enjoins. Their beauty, which arises more particularly from their answering so perfectly their respective destinations, reproaches our moral deformity; their harmony, our mutual dissensions; and their combined utility, our want of public as well as private worth.—*Jewish Chronicle.*

A FINE FIELD FOR THE FAIR.

Out of the female immigrants who recently arrived at Melbourne by the 'William Stewart,' eight were married within twenty-four hours after their landing. An offer made to the ninth (a cautious Scotch lassie) was deferred by the fair one, who, with some slight adumbrations as to higher aspirations, professed her intention to 'wait a wee while.' The 'Portland Guardian,' in noticing the nuptial arrangements, only regretted that the ladies had not been landed in that delightful bay, where double the number would have met eligible matches in half the number of

hours. 'Eight weddings in twenty-four hours!' quoth our contemporary; 'pooh! in Portland there would have been sixteen in twelve!' We perceive that some of our London contemporaries have been making comparisons (all in our favour, by the way) between America and Australia as fields of colonisation. We think, with the above matrimonial matters of fact before them, our fair countrywomen at home will acknowledge that the Australian colonies are the true 'United States.'—*Australian Journal.*

LITTLE MILLY.

LITTLE MILLY hath a look in her dark and serious eyes, Sure it bodeth future grief—hidden tears and stifled sighs; Little Milly hath a voice of a low and plaintive tone, Sad as western breezes dying o'er the harp with thrilling moan; And she liketh well to wander o'er the solitary hill, When the silver moonbeams flicker on the diamond-crested rill, And the apple-blossoms glisten laden with the subtle rime, When it faileth noiselessly in the latter evening time.

Little Milly looketh up, and the stars she tries to number, Then a pleasant thought doth come—'tis of Jacob's happy slumber; Little Milly fain would sleep here beneath the cedar-tree, Dream of angels floating down, singing songs of melody. Simple prayers she now repeateth, and her tears begin to flow; Why she weepeth often thus, Little Milly doth not know; Only that her heart is full when she speaks to One above; Above and all around she sees proofs of His Almighty Love. Little Milly trembleth much at a harshly-spoken word, Covering in silent pain like unto a wounded bird; Little Milly shrinketh ever from a cold reviving eye, And her timid faltering tongue frameth not a bold reply. But she goeth 'mid the flowers, precious comforters are they; God made both the stars and flowers—stars for night, and flowers for day;

Earthly friends may prove unkind, but the gifts of bounteous Heaven
Pledges are of love and truth—to the single-hearted given.

Little Milly is a child. Presses of woe to come Fling not gloom across her path, for she hath a sheltered home; Little Milly hears the storm, as it wildly onward sweeps, For the drooping birds and blossoms she is pitiful, and weeps. But a day is coming soon when she will stifle tear and sigh, Hiding tender thoughts, lest the scorner should be nigh. Stars may shine, and flowers may bloom, but they can no longer prove
Solace to a heart that pines—sickening for human love!

C. A. M. W.

A FRENCHMAN AT HIS ENGLISH STUDIES.

Frenchman. Ha, my good friend, I have met with one difficulty—one very strange word. How you call H-o-u-g-h?—*Tutor.* Huff.—*Fr.* Très bien, Huff; and Snuff you spell S-n-o-u-g-h, ha!—*Tutor.* Oh no; Snuff is S-n-u double f. The fact is, words ending in ough are a little irregular.—*Fr.* Ah, ver' good. 'Tis beautiful language. H-o-u-g-h is Huff, I will remember; and C-o-u-g-h Cuff. I have one bad Cuff, ha!—*Tutor.* No, that is wrong. We say Kauf, not Cuff.—*Fr.* Kauf, eh bien. Huff and Kauf; and, pardonnez moi, how you call D-o-u-g-h—Duff, ha!—*Tutor.* No, not Duff.—*Fr.* Not Duff! Ah! on! I understand—is Dauy, hey!—*Tutor.* No, D-o-u-g-h spells Doe.—*Fr.* Doe! It is ver' fine; wonderful language; it is Doe; and T-o-u-g-h is Toe, certainement. My beefsteak was very Toe.—*Tutor.* Oh no, no; you should say Tuff.—*Fr.* Tuff! and the thing the farmer uses, how you call him P-l-o-u-g-h. Pluff? Ha! you smile: I see I am wrong; it is Plau? No? Ah, then it is Ploe like Doe; it is beautiful language, ver' fine—Ploe?—*Tutor.* You are still wrong, my friend; it is Ploe.—*Fr.* Ploe! Wonderful language! I shall understand ver' soon. Ploe, Doe, Kauf; and one more—Ro-u-g-h, what you call General Taylor; Rauf and Ready! No? certainement it is Row and Ready!—*Tutor.* No: R-o-u-g-h spells Ruff.—*Fr.* Ruff, ha! Let me not forget. R-o-u-g-h is Ruff, and B-o-u-g-h is Buff, ha!—*Tutor.* No, Bou.—*Fr.* Tis ver' simple, wonderful language; but I have had what you call E-n-o-u-g-h! Ha! what you call him?—*N. Y. Home Journal.*

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